

Down by the Sally Gardens

Down by the Sally Gardens
My love and I did meet.
She passed the Sally Gardens
With little snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the trees,
But I, being young and foolish,
With her did not agree.

In a field by the river,
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand.

She bid me to take life easy,
As the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish
And now I am full of tears.

